

# \$1,000,000 LOOT IS CHARGED TO ROBIN

## BIG RAID IN NEW BLACK HAND CRUSADE

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**FINAL EDITION**

**The**



**World**

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"Circulation Books Open to All."

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### BLACK HAND RAIDERS DESCEND ON MEETING, NAB 18 AS SUSPECTS

**Police and Federal Authorities  
Work Together in Round Up of  
Alleged Criminals Under  
Plan to Deport Them.**

The first move in an effort by the New York police and the Federal authorities to drive the members of the Black Hand back to the land whence they came was made today when Lieutenant Tony Vachris and a squad of detectives raided the building at No. 212 Elizabeth street and rounded up eighteen men who were holding a meeting in the back room of a cafe.

The police surrounded the building before the descent was made, so that not a man in the back room escaped. The prisoners were hustled into patrol wagons and driven to Police Headquarters amid tremendous excitement.

"The Black Hand! The Black Hand!" yelled hundreds of dwellers in the district as they surged in a noisy mob after the patrol wagons.

Got Evidence in Italy.

Vachris has been collecting evidence for months leading up to this and other raids that are projected. During an extensive tour through Italy he got the names and descriptions of scores of criminals who had emigrated to America. He learned of their connection with the mother branches of the Black Hand, and recently he arranged with the Federal authorities to secure the deportation of all the undesirable he could identify.

Before proceedings toward deportation are begun, however, an effort will be made to identify the prisoners in today's roundup with certain bands of kidnapers and blackmailers that Deputy Commissioner Flynn has been hunting down. Vachris believes that some of his prisoners had a hand in kidnapping the Longo and Rizzo boys and that they were long intimately associated with Patricia and Maria Rappa, the woman who was sentenced to not less than twenty-five or more than forty years and ten months by Judge Fawcett yesterday.

When Vachris got his prisoners to Police Headquarters he had a consultation with Deputy Commissioner Flynn and it was decided to send for the Rizzo and Longo boys in an effort to connect some of the prisoners with their kidnapping. Each of the youngsters are bright and have a good memory for faces.

Third Degree for All of Them.

Before the two boys arrived at Police Headquarters the prisoners were divided into groups and then singled out separately for a third degree grilling. The work of examining the prisoners Vachris expected to occupy him and the men who have been working with him, gathering evidence, all this afternoon and tonight.

After the killing of Petrosino in Palermo Vachris and Detective Crowley, who is known as "The Irish Italian," were sent to Italy to finish the work begun by Petrosino. Their task was to gather all the evidence they could about Italian criminals who had emigrated to this country. Although the Italian police gave them only meagre assistance, they were able to obtain much valuable information.

They got the criminal records of many men who were prominently engaged in Black Hand terrorism in Italy and Sicily. They found that the worst criminals on record had come to this country from Sicily, and since their return from abroad they have devoted all their energies to running down the most desperate men on their list.

Raid in "Little Sicily."

The scene of today's raid is in the so-called Sicilian quarter, which is bounded by Prince and Bleecker, Elizabeth and Mulberry streets. The saloon the detectives descended upon has long been under water. When the police entered the place the men who were taken were engaged in an excited discussion of the punishment that was to be meted in Brooklyn to the kidnapers.

### CROKER SCOFFS AT FEAR OF BIG CONFLAGRATION

**Fire Chief Tells Legislators  
Insurance Companies Are  
Needlessly Scared.**

Edward P. Croker, New York's fire chief, appeared today before the Legislative Investigating Committee to answer the charge of R. C. Chambers that he is twenty years behind the times as a fire fighter.

"What does the department do in preventing fires?" was asked by former Judge M. Linn Brown, the committee's chief.

"The work is chiefly in the theatres and music halls," said the chief. "Many fires in the tenement district start in the cellars where rubbish is thrown. Persons go down into these cellars carrying a burning paper for a light. A great many fires also originate from the same cause in hall ways."

Protection Against Fire.

"I firmly believe that," said Croker, "first—all cellars should be equipped with protected lights. Second—protected lights should be kept burning in all hallways from sunset to sunrise. Third—all inside entrances to cellars should be prohibited and the first floors of all buildings should be fireproof."

"What is your opinion of the efficiency of sprinkling systems?"

"I recommend them in certain classes of buildings. They should not be attached to the high pressure, as the pressure from water would be too great. After a fire gets started the sprinklers are of little value. Sometimes the water adds fuel to the flames by causing combustion."

Chief Croker said that during the past year the uniformed force of the department had made 12,000 inspections. One hundred persons and buildings with sprinklers. These orders have not been complied with.

"The law giving the Fire Department the right to compel the installation of proper apparatus," the chief said, "has been practically nullified by the failure of the Corporation Counsel to prosecute violations of these orders. The Fire Department should have the power to dispossess persons who refuse to carry out its orders."

"What do you think of high buildings?"

### AIRSHIP WRECKED, TWO MEN FALL TO DEATH FROM SKY

**Marquis Paulla, Rich French  
Nobleman, and Aviator Laf-  
fon Killed Near Paris.**

**IN FLIGHT FOR \$20,000.**

**Wife of Pilot, Who Had Kissed  
Husband Good Bye, One of  
Many to See Tragedy.**

PARIS, Dec. 28.—The worst aeroplane accident in the history of French aviation occurred today at Issy, when Marquis Miro Paulla and Alexandre Lafon, chief pilot of the Antoinette school of aviation, were killed in a 20-foot fall of their Antoinette monoplane. Lafon's wife witnessed the tragedy. Within fifteen minutes of the time she kissed her husband farewell she threw herself in a paroxysm of grief over his mangled body. She is in a critical condition from the shock.

Lafon was piloting the machine and Paulla, the owner of the aeroplane, was a passenger. They were contending for the \$20,000 prize offered for the swiftest two-passenger flight from Paris to Brussels and return.

When almost directly over the Langar machine capsize. Lafon made frantic efforts to right the falling craft, but it dashed to the ground, turning over twice in its descent.

Lafon fell a few feet distant from the wrecked aeroplane, his head crushed and his right arm driven into his chest. The Marquis was caught in the wreckage. Both men were unconscious when hurried spectators reached them.

They were rushed to Beauclerc Hospital, Paulla dying as he was being carried into the hospital and Lafon a few minutes later.

Lafon was a thirty-seven years old and one of the best known of the French aviators. Paulla had done little flying himself, but was one of the chief promoters of the sport, spending much of his great wealth in furthering the science.

"LAME DUCK ALLEY"  
IS NOW "LOVERS' LANE."

Meeting of Montana School Girls and West Point in White House Waiting-Room Changes Name.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—When a party of West Point cadets, piloted by Senator Dick of Ohio, and a party of Montana school girls, escorted by Senator Carter, met in "Lame Duck Alley" at the White House today there were many who predicted the beginning of a number of romances, and so renamed the now famous waiting room "Lovers' Lane."

The meeting was entirely accidental. Both Senators had brought their charges to the White House to shake hands with the President. There was a delay, and during the wait in the reception room introductions were in order, and when at last it was announced that the President was ready to receive his charges the cadets and young ladies had just about forgotten the object of their visit. They reluctantly said good-bye, filed into the President's office and later took their several ways from the White House.

DROVE A CONFLAGRATION.  
WOULDN'T HEED ALARM.

Then Glennon's Back Got Warm, Horses Ran Away and Wagon and Load Were Burned.

"Hey there! Your wagon is on fire," a dozen or more voices yelled at Tom Glennon, who was driving a van of the Bestwood Furniture Company through West Thirty-sixth street toward Ninth avenue this afternoon.

### SHOOTS STATION MASTER, TURNS PISTOL ON HIMSELF, STARTS PANIC IN NEWARK

**Steward Jones, Fancying He Had Been  
Wronged, Hurries From Depot, Buys  
a Gun and Begins Firing.**

On the crowded platform of the Jersey Central Station, Broad street, Newark, this afternoon, Steward Jones, a locomotive fireman, shot George N. Smith, the station master. In the apparent belief that he had killed Smith, he shot himself in the right temple. He was taken to St. Barnabas's Hospital.

Jones, who had been working as a substitute for a nephew of Smith, had several grievances, which Smith and other employees of the road said were fanciful. Jones believed that Smith had reported him to the officers of the road for faulty eyesight and losing his sense of smell and hearing. In passing through the station this morning Jones cursed at Smith.

Buy a Revolver.

This afternoon when the 2.30 train arrived Jones saw Smith working at the coupling of a passenger car across the platform. He jumped down from his engine, yelled at Smith and ran out of the station. He went to a nearby hardware store and bought a revolver.

Three minutes later he was again in the train shed. He asked a brakeman where Smith was and the station agent pointed out, leaning over the side of the station, a car. Jones ran up behind him and fired two shots. At the second shot Smith pitched forward on his face.

"Thank God," cried Jones. He put the revolver to his own head and fired before any of the crowd of people in the station could get to him.

There was a panic for a few minutes. Women passengers made a rush to get out to Broad street. People from outside fought to get in. The ambulance arrived before the police could enter and all traffic in the street was blocked for twenty minutes.

Says He's Jones's Friend.

Smith was taken to St. James Hospital. It was found that only one bullet struck him, inflicting a wound in the back of a leg.

"I can't see why that boy should feel badly toward me," he said when the police questioned him. "I regarded myself as a good friend of his and was willing to do anything I could to help him along."

Puccini Smacked  
BY FORTY MEN WITH  
FAREWELL KISSES

Kisses Staccato, Largo, Legato and Allegretto Send Great Composer Home.

Puccini, the Italian composer who did the music for the grand opera production of "The Girl of the Golden West," sailed today on the Lusitania. But first he was most extensively kissed up.

Headed by Gatti-Casazza, the director, and Amato, the baritone, forty of the men singers and chorus men of the Metropolitan organization came to the Grand pier to see their compatriot off. There were no lady songsters there. The hour was too early, but a couple of hundred of Puccini's enthusiastic fellow countrymen stood on the string-places and cheered.

When the shore bell rang the kissing started. In a body the Metropolitan group charged on Puccini, like a brace man he met them, with arms extended and lips pouted.

A sound like somebody taking off a pair of wet shoes was in a hurry.

That was Gatti-Casazza's double kiss, one for each cheek of Puccini.

A sound like Bessie the Brindle putting her hind foot out of the mud.

That was Amato's fervent salute.

A sound like somebody strapping a razor tightly.

That was Scotti, the basso, putting seven or eight quick ones over.

A series of sounds suggestive of blowing kites in a well.

That was the minor stars taking their turns.

A succession of sounds like nine thousand hair lifted rollers drinking their snowier from the end of the spoon.

That was the chorus men.

A grand melody of shouting, crashing, anandling liquid sounds like the waters coming down at Ladore!

That was every body waving at once for a last notice.

Puccini bowed again. He was engaged as he would be for the last time with a low, sucking cry, taken to his chamber, pumped out, dried off with towels and ultimately revived.

But it was a close call.

The song hit of the new opera, "The Spring Maid," in next Sunday's World.

### "THE WIDOW" LIVES AT THE WALDORF WITHOUT A CENT

**Mrs. Dean Says She Does, and  
Sometimes Wonders How  
She Does It.**

**MAKES ACTRESSES PAY.**

**But She Wouldn't Charge So-  
ciety Women for Pictures  
and Press Notices.**

Living at the Waldorf-Astoria without any money is just like taking candy from a baby—if you know how. Mrs. Teresa Dean, president, treasurer and editor of "The Widow," a local society weekly, is one who knows. She said so herself today, when she was examined in supplementary proceedings in connection with a judgment against her for \$25.

Harry P. Disbaker, formerly Assistant United States District Attorney and a well-known man about town, was "angel" of "The Widow" in this case. Mrs. Dean admitted "the certainly was for the first time in his life," but added that she just didn't have the wherewithal to cancel the obligation.

She Labored Unrequited.

"Don't you own any stock of 'The Widow Company'?" asked Charles R. Carruth, counsel for Disbaker, at whose office No. 2 West street, the examination was held, after City Court Justice M. Avoy had sworn Mrs. Dean.

"Not a penny's worth," she replied. "Well, you receive a salary for your services?"

"Not yet. I hope to soon."

"Haven't you any property, jewelry, or other valuables?"

"No."

"Well, how do you live?"

"I sometimes wonder myself."

"But you are living at the Waldorf? How do you get the money to do that?"

"Oh, I sometimes get money from home—out West. I have \$5,000 due me as alimony out West."

"What about that alimony?"

"Why, I'd like to know myself. It's still due to me."

Actresses Pay, Society Doesn't.

Mrs. Carruth wanted to know if Mrs. Dean didn't receive money from society women for publishing their photographs and laudatory accounts of their lives in "The Widow."

"The Widow" doesn't charge for that," replied Mrs. Dean. "We publish pictures of society ladies and actresses every week—of no value."

"Well, the actresses pay, do they not?"

"Yes, I believe they do."

"And you are sure the society ladies do not?"

"Yes, they have paid for postage."

"What were some of the ladies?" asked Mr. Carruth.

"I can't recall them just now," answered Mrs. Dean.

"Was the Duchess de Chaulnes one?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Were you paid for publishing her pictures?"

"Certainly not," was the emphatic reply.

Mrs. Carruth again asked for the names of other society women besides the Duchess de Chaulnes whose pictures were printed. Mrs. Dean couldn't remember offhand and the hearing was adjourned a week to give her an opportunity to prepare a list.

Disbaker got judgment against Mrs. Dean in the Municipal Court last October. He claimed he loaned the money he seeks to recover. Several letters he received from Mrs. Dean, in which she referred to the money as "the blessed five" and admitted a debt, were introduced in evidence.

HALL OF RECORDS FIRE.

Burning Mail Box Sent Smoke Through Chute Openings.

Fire was discovered in the United States mail box in the Hall of Records this afternoon. The box is about five feet high and is connected with the upper floors by a chute. No ad the smoke poured out of the chute openings.

A post-office inspector was sent for, but he had to wait the arrival of a letter carrier before the box could be opened. Then it was found that letters and papers were slowly burning. It is supposed a lighted cigar or cigarette was dropped in one of the chute opening.

During rough weather she will dine in solitary state. The big steamship will be practically her yacht throughout the voyage.

Whole Liner for Her.

Mrs. Harry Pollak, wife of the promoter of sporting events, was the sole passenger on the Red Star liner Yudenand, which sailed today. She will have 150 stewards and stewardesses to wait on her. A band will play for her and she may monopolize the conversation of the skipper to her heart's content.

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